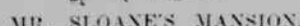
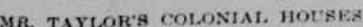


No good New-Yorker likes to think of his city as a mushroom growth. We leave that sort of thing for the West, he declares, and indeed there is no use in denying that he is right. But it would not be unfair to say of certain portions of the city that they are mushroom growths, that they have developed so rapidly as to make even Chicago seem slow. Those parts of New-York



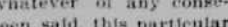
What does all mean? It is more mysterious than it might seem at first sight. It is mysterious because through the miles of streets already filled or rapidly filling with new houses and apartments the signs "To Let" and "For Sale" are as familiar as the lampposts; in fact, they occur more frequently. If these signs were confined to the very new houses they would be easy to understand. But they are displayed upon scores and scores of houses only a few years old which it is hard to imagine being abandoned simply so that the owner might move into a newer building. What is the matter? Why are so many new houses being built when so many others are being sold? Is the demand one that will not be satisfied with anything that has been lived in before? Or is it all a great speculation in which the builders are content to spend money in a line of retrenchment—where people are drifting from houses and apartments to the hotels—because, they, the builders, believe that the time is coming when hotels will go out of fashion as completely as they have come in and families will want again to live within their own walls? Questions like these rise constantly to the lips and more on the West Side than on the East. Fifth-ave. and its neighborhood are still conspicuous for a larger number of vast manor houses than can be found elsewhere in the city. Here the speculative builder has had much to do, but not half so much as along West End Avenue, Riverside Drive and the streets that join these two thoroughfares. And how he is laboring in his chosen province! Land is costly, but he does not mind that. He goes on building just the same. Apparently, though there are no



enough wealthy people to go round, though so many costly houses remain unoccupied or for sale, he has his market and sells at enormous figures. It is impossible to buy even the smallest of the innumerable small houses uptown for less than \$35,000 or \$45,000. Rents are high, very high, and to live in the big apartment-houses which have sprung up in such great numbers of late years one requires almost as large an income as to live in the big detached houses.

There are many good things to be said about the building up of the West Side, but there are some faults to be found also, and with these it is perhaps best to deal first. To begin with, it must remain one of the enigmas of our age that in this considerable region, where architects and builders have had such chances to learn wisdom in planning, they have rarely learned anything of the sort. On the contrary, the first problem, that of lighting, seems as far away from solution as ever it has been, at least in respect to the

great majority of the houses. One new house in the eighties, designed by one of the youngest but strongest firms in the city, illustrates a rational and even inspired conception of the manner in which a dwelling should be illuminated by direct light and ventilated by direct air. But that is a shining exception and stands out like a miracle amid the hundreds and even thousands of houses which have been erected in the upper part of the city during the last ten years. The odd thing about this house, too, is



plan would never have been made the unique thing it is if the designers had not been true masters of their art. But the basis of their plan, a common-sense distribution of the land, is as simple as can be, and is open to anybody. In spite of that fact everybody seems to prefer the old style of plan, with its Cimmerian darkness everywhere save in the front or back. If centuries hence the ruins of New-York are ex-

The apartment-houses are even worse off than the small independent dwellings. In the latter, it is true, there are dungeons on every floor; but in the average apartment-house there are fewer rooms in proportion that have decent light and air. Why do the architects and builders go on perpetuating this state of affairs? Hundreds of apartments are empty because of it. People are driven from the city. They go to live in the suburbs. They fall ill in the close, dark flat. Their children suffer. The life gets unbearable after a while. Yet they keep on building them, the people who are responsible for them, and with delightful irony they ask rents so high that the poor head of a family tears his hair. What is he to do? It is bad enough to live in the cramped and dingy quarters to which he is driven, but it is worse to have to pay an exorbitant price for the privilege. This side of the building question will have to be looked into by the owners and builders before the region to which we are referring is really settled and attaches itself to fixed standards—the only standards—of expenditure and income. Investors will have to learn that their property will only depreciate in value if they keep on in their present course. Their safest course is to put up healthy, well-lighted and well-made buildings. These they can sell at good prices. Their profits may not be so large in specific instances. But in the long run they will find that their houses are increasing in worth. Moreover, they will find that people will stay in them. Few families enjoy moving. Thousands would like to settle down comfortably in a house or an apartment and stay there for years. But they get restless now. They change constantly. Any change seems as though it would be for the better. Thus we get the signs to which allusion has been made above, the succession of "To Let" and "For Sale" legends all through the upper section of the city. There is something almost pathetic in the present wrong-headedness of so many proprietors. One would think they could see at a glance how sorely good houses and apartments are needed, how hungry the public is for them, how willingly the people would pay for the best.

But there is some mysterious obsession which seems to prevent the proprietor from taking the obviously profitable line. He goes on building uncomfortable houses, and then he wonders why his tenants or purchasers want to get out so soon. He doesn't seem to realize that the first showiness and novelty of the new building having worn off, the occupants find out its faults and flee them as fast as they can.

But enough faults have been found. One may begin a survey of the new buildings uptown with a feeling of exasperation at this defect or that which comes to light. But in the end the observer is struck by several circumstances which linger with him as immensely interesting, and even turn out to be sources of permanent delight. We have been dealing with the purely utilitarian side of the question. The artistic side is full of happy suggestion. In the character of its facades New-York has taken a great leap ahead, and in more ways than one. For example, it has taken us a long time to escape from the bondage of the "brownstone front." Chicago, despised Chicago, has been a great distance in advance of us in this respect. But now we are abreast of Chicago, and perhaps a little ahead of her, since there has been a more dis-

criminating use of new materials here than there has been in the West. The "brownstone front" has died hard, and that fact has reacted upon the architects who have used other stones. They have gone to work cautiously, with one eye on the long-established type, and to go to work cautiously is always to help one's taste a little. East and west, on both sides of the Park, we have been using light bricks and light stones to an extent that has suddenly transformed the whole city in its regions of dwelling-houses. On the West Side, which has changed most, there are blocks and blocks of houses in a brownstone which makes the streets seem three times as clean and as "bright" as they once did before. Along Riverside Drive the brown dullness has almost disappeared, there are so many new houses of light blues, both of stone and brick. With our climate, so sunny and clear in spite of its vagaries, the yellow and gray and red and brown fronts become warmer and warmer, the houses look ever so much more like homes than they used to, and in many cases, too, the use of certain stones and terra cotta has chimed in with a new taste for decoration. The windows and doors take on all sorts of attractive carvings and mouldings. Candidly, no severe judge of the new architecture can say that the standard of carving is as yet very high, but at its best it is beautiful and at its worst it is far more agreeable than was once the case. On West Seventy-seventh-st., just one door from West End-ave, there is a house with a facade so plain as to be almost bald. But on the second story, in the centre of the facade, a solid terra cotta device in very high relief. The artistic effect of this little device is striking enough for whoever cares for that kind of thing to make a solid terra cotta device in very high relief is not extraordinary. But it is good, and, besides, it is so new after our dreary past of stupid "brownstone fronts." It is

refreshing to see such decorative expedients, bits of cleverness and good taste which count for individuality and style. Take the huge apartment-house on the corner of West End-ave. and Eighty-first-st., with its court on the street side. It is a fine example of the "new" style, and has simply an indentation, so to speak, in the surface of the building. Now the improved condition of architectural taste makes it impossible to take this colorless way out of the difficulty of making a court. The new building is surrounded by a coping which binds the two sides of the court together. It is reproduced in one of our sketches to show, as our reference to the new style is, that the new style is not a mere impulse toward artistic invention which has taken the place of that feeling which left a dwelling as characterless as a wooden shed.

Into the possession of strongly marked archi-



picture capture is growing more and more. Within a very short time, indeed within not more than a year or so, some of the most distinguished and picturesque houses in this country have been erected in New-York; not always on a particularly great scale, some of them being comparatively inexpensive edifices, but all of them designed by artistic hands, and in a few cases the houses are shown in our illustrations. Let the reader consider the difference between the typical dwelling which has afflicted us so long and that striking building which has been erected on Riverside Drive near Ninety-first Street. It is as nondescript as any of its predecessors. But the thing is original; it is done



out of a fund of feeling and thought; it has a style of its own. It is new and refined, un-
conventional. In excellent taste. One is not
sure that it has quite "come off," that the archi-
tect, Mr. Duncan, has accomplished quite what
he tried to do. It is a house with a certain
amount of indifference, without feeling an emi-
nent of sympathy with the architect, of delight
in what he has tried for. There are other ob-
stances, however, which make the indifference
of artistic power is felt. The style is not al-
ways so pliantly new. For example, there is
a colonial house, designed by Mr. Rich, on
Ninety-first street, in the East River, which
is a very good example of the style. It is in
the familiar style of Boston and the other New-
England towns, where examples of the refined
colonial epoch are to be seen. But the style
of Mr. Rich's is beautiful in this new house of
Mr. Rich's! The proportions are so good, the de-
tails are so admirable, the brick is of such well-
chosen texture and color, the air is so fresh and
invigorating, the air, as though it had
been designed from within outward and was a
truly civilized and lovely home. That is an ele-
ment which is sadly needed in the great
cities of the world, where the super-mansions,
but not all of them look like homes. The style

"Mr. Rich's house is one which helps to create the desired atmosphere, and it is the only house that will be missed if the city is improved here. It is a colonial with the originality and judgment which have been displayed in the instance to which reference is made. It is in strong contrast to the styles which have been most in vogue here, and to some extent it has been the cause of the styles now developed, but there is nothing disturbing in the contrast. The colonial house fits well into its surroundings, as a rule. It hardly makes any difference where it goes."

This is proved by the juxtaposition of the colonial style with the styles which have been developed about on East Twenty-second-st., between Fifth and Madison ayes. On the south side are the two little brick dwellings designed

For Mr. Taylor by McKim, Mead & White. Opposite rises the French mansion of Mrs. Sloane, built by Carrere & Hastings. The contrast is sharp, but there is nothing artificial about it. This is one thing that we have to thank our eclecticism for. It fills our streets with variety and sometimes, when the architects are unworthy, it makes them incoherent. But in good hands variety is precious, and we are developing steadily along lines which promise to make New-York as unconventionally attractive as it can be.



IN THE FRENCH STYLE.

designed by McKim, Mead & White. and with those examples not set forth it is likely that the colonial idea will be pretty widely adopted. The French idea illustrated by Mr. Sloan's house is perhaps the newest to have been projected into our architecture. It follows the Renaissance enthusiasm which has long been familiar here. It follows the latter, however, luckily, not as one fashion follows another, but with a certain fresh strength due to the ardor with which certain architects have felt its inspiration and have cultivated the latter. As yet it is comparatively unknown here. French ideas, when they have been used at all, have been more in the vein of that little house on West

End-ave, which we reproduce for its picturesque and lofty attractiveness. Mr. Hunt, who leaned most toward the styles of France, never struck quite the note which Howard and Caldwell have struck in their addition to the Hotel Renaissance at Fifth-ave and Forty-third-street, which Carrere & Hastings have selected in their house for Mr. Sloane. There is an element of artistic vigor in both these buildings which puts them in the forefront of recent architecture in New-York. The Sloane house rears itself amid the lowliness of the uptown region like a new fact in the development of our art, a work which almost surpasses in its fresh magnificence, in its haughty dignity.

The Sloan house has provoked the objection—made the more apostrophic by the American ideal of the "open" house across the way—that it is not in exact harmony with the genius of this country. Perhaps not. But its beauty makes the objection seem a little hollow. It is difficult to regard the facade with impartiality. It is too much for the eye to carry the spectator of his feet. But there its true merits come to the surface. If it were merely brilliant the effect of stulteness and splendor would pass. Since it is a genuine work of art, its architectural richness about its basement and pillared stories, the first impression is only deepened by a close scrutiny, and the house stays long in the memory as an achievement of distinct nobility. The relation of the windows to the facade, the second story, the half columns which divide them, yet then, the grouping of them all with the simple basement, the treatment of the roof and the carved details everywhere, in a manner which it is hard to describe, would be hard to praise too highly. It is an encounter with a mansion like this, with a house like that on Riverside Drive which has been discussed, which pushes all other considerations around and about the house far into the background. One thinks of the bad side of things because it is unavoidable, but inevitably one takes leave of the subject with a confidence bred of contact with beautiful things. There are no finer buildings recently erected in New-York. There are others of interest, and the outlook is favorable to the erection of more. There are larger areas waiting to be improved, more modern communities in the making. Buildings are parcelled out in small dimensions, it is true, and we illustrate one house on East Seventy-first-st., just off Fifth-ave., as a really rare example of that kind of design, which is the only one of its kind in the city. It is a house of more room than to our own narrow limits. But there are still several miles, we should say, of excellent building sites in the upper part of the city. It is comforting to know that a man of some experience and taste, that while the speculative builder may be planning some of his houses and apartments abominably, there are architects at work who are balancing this misdeeds with such work as that of Mr. Dunn on Riverside Drive, and Mr. Carrere and

SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THESE STRUCTURES—WHERE THEY COME FROM AND WHERE THEY GO AFTER ELECTION DAY.

The Bureau of Elections of the Police Department of the city has been busy during the last week in assigning the portable steel election booths to the different precincts where their use has been made necessary by the lack of other quarters suitable for election purposes. This being a Presidential year, the duties of the officers will be more arduous and exacting, and the Bureau of Elections, recognizing this fact, has taken the precaution to provide a larger number of the portable booths. The number to be used this year is eighty-three, and those in charge estimate that with this supply both the election officers and the public will find ample and available space for registering and voting.

These steelbooths are not the property of the city. They are rented from the Buffalo Steel House company, at a rental of \$100 per month. It is considered that this sum paid by the city, the company is under agreement to move the booths to and from the places where they are used for election purposes, to clean and keep them in order during the period of occupancy by the city, to furnish all lighting and heating, and to take care of the booths until such time as they shall again be needed.

These booths have now been put in all the localities to which they were assigned, and from now on until after election the city is responsible for them. In order that they may be kept in good order, and that the booths and hoodlums it is necessary for the Police Department to detail special patrolmen for this service. As there are eighty-three of these houses, and as each of them requires watching both night and day, it means that 166 policemen must be on duty to attend to these special duty.

As soon as registration begins, the booths are required by law to be kept open throughout the day for the inspection by the public of the lists posted. The policeman who is on duty through the day closes up the booth at night, and then the night watchman comes on duty. The illumination is completely under cover of darkness.

The dimensions of these steel booths are 12 by 28 feet, and each one weighs about three thousand pounds. When placed in position in the street they are found right next to the curbstone, extending 12 feet into the street and running lengthwise along the edge of the sidewalk 28 feet. Of the number to be used this fall, the bulk have gone into the brownstone precincts of the city, as will be seen from the following enumeration: The number assigned to the Twenty-second Precinct is 14; to the Twenty-fourth Precinct, 11; to the Twenty-fifth Precinct, 7; to the Twenty-sixth Precinct, 10; to the Twenty-seventh Precinct, 8; to the Twenty-ninth Precinct, 1. Among the other precincts the number given out has been from one to three each.

In placing these steel houses in the different parts of the city those in charge of the matter have to use great care and diplomacy. The owners of stores and apartment-houses do not like to have them put in front of their property. They must be at a certain distance from a saloon. All sorts of requests and complaints are sent in to the Bureau of Elections about the trouble and annoyance which the booths cause, especially if they happen to be on a narrow street or on a street with

The interior of the booths is arranged to accommodate probably six voting compartments together with ample room for transacting the business of registering and voting. The floor is of wood. Light is let in from windows on the sides, and these windows are covered with a wire screen to protect the glass from the sticks and stones of the juvenile terrorists. The city has been in the habit of giving wooden-shed-like structures to the voters, but the present excellent satisfaction is all concerned. Formerly wooden structures were used. They were constantly getting out of repair and causing no end of trouble and annoyance. Every time there was a wind or rain storm the roof, which was made of a sheet-iron preparation, would blow off, and the employment of a carpenter and a cooper to carry out the necessary repairs to the house in weather-tight shape again. It is said that the steel houses seldom, if ever, get out of repair, and that in the coldest weather they can be kept as warm and comfortable as may be desired. Once in a while, on some of the narrow streets, an express wagon or an ice-carb lamp runs in a crowd of people. As a general rule, they stand there from the beginning until the end of the season without having a stroke of repair done upon them.

When not used by the city the steel houses are stored in vacant lots in different parts of the city. Some of them are kept at the foot of West Fifty-first-st.; others at Fifty-fifth-st. and Eleventh-ave.; others at Seventy-fourth-st. and Fifth-ave., Philadelphia-st. and the Klingle-bldg. in the city.

In being taken from one place to the other they are transported upon a special, constructed truck with four wheels, the wheels being placed on the rails and them on the move in the last few days. The sight is presented by one of the city's principal streets is calculated to make the passer-by stop and turn around for the second time. While a house is passing through a street it is being moved at a slow pace, the men are obliged to conform with its rate of speed, so thoroughly does it take up the way. One was being moved up the street, the other down, and the men were walking in a string of truckmen and bicyclists, who followed on behind and filled the air with a miscellaneous assortment of remarks.

It is not infrequent for tramps to get into these booths in the winter, although careful watch is supplied by the men who are in charge of the houses made by the employees of the Buffalo company upon the houses prior to taking them away from the vacant lots. It is not infrequent for a tramp to be taken up his abode in one of them. He stoutly refused to get out and quit the premises, and the company men, who were not willing to take any risk of a drunken and unwelcome tenant, who protested that he was the right of squatter sovereignty, and threatened to take the matter into the courts.

New-Zealand, according to the dispatches received during the past week, is in the throes of a political crisis brought about by an open conflict between the Cabinet of the colony and its Governor-General, the Earl of Glasgow. The fight has had the result of driving Lord Glasgow, who is a most amiable and charming Scotchman, to throw up his lucrative office in disgust, and to set sail for San Francisco on his way back to England, thoroughly weary and disillusioned on the subject of the Antipodes. He has been subjected to a good deal of discursive and even slighting conduct on the part of the officials and politicians of the colony which he was called upon to govern in the name of the Queen, and judging by his experiences during the last four years, it is evident that he has not been treated with the degree of respect that his illustrious name and his hereditary rank, his unblemished character, and his high office demanded.

It must be said, however, in behalf of the New Zealanders, that it is somewhat difficult to entertain a great degree of reverence for a man whom one has seen in the act of being tossed up into the air by a bull in such a manner that he alighted in a sitting position in a particularly dirty puddle. Lord Glasgow happened to pay a state visit to the great annual New-Zealand Cattle Show, the principal incident of the year in the colony. He was incautious enough to enter the pen of the champion Shorthorn bull, who, in no sense impressed by the honor of his visit, deliberately went for him and tossed him over the rails. After witnessing a spectacle of this kind, it is wellnigh impossible ever afterward to be impressed by the dignity and majesty of the victim of such a mishap. Indeed, it is difficult to treat such a person seriously at all, since one would always be tempted to recall to mind, even on the most solemn occasions, the sight which he presented either when rising into the air or descending into the puddle. So there is an excuse for the New-Zealanders, when it is to be hoped the mother country will take into consideration when calling them to account for the disrespect with which they have treated Her Majesty's Commander-General.

Political affairs that far greater role in history and in the present than most people are ready to imagine. Not content with setting Governments on their feet, they are ready to overthrow them, to whether or not they are to be permitted to enter the country, they actually presume to take an active part in politics, and in addition to having at least on three occasions almost brought about a vacancy upon the steps of European thrones, they are responsible for recent Cabinet crisis of a serious character in the Old World. For, if Nubar Pacha, the most capable and eminent of all Oriental statesmen, is no longer Prime Minister of Egypt, it is due to a cow. The Pacha, like Cincinnati, is exceedingly fond of agricultural pursuits, and has in the neighborhood of Cairo a model farm, which he is in the habit of visiting whenever he has a moment to spare. One Friday he took advantage of the Government offices being closed for the Mahometan Sabbath to drive out to his farm. While inspecting his crops he suddenly came upon a cow. The latter took exception to the red color of his tarboosh, and with an ominous "moo" lowered her head and prepared to charge. The Prime Minister, who is the most stately and majestic of Orientals, hesitated for just one brief moment, and then, determining that discretion was the better part of valor, took to his heels and made for the nearest hedge. So did the cow. It is difficult to say with any degree of exactitude which of the two reached the goal first, but one thing, at any rate, is sure, namely, that the statesman oversteered the winning post, and that he was reversed therein by his bovine competitor, who propelled him to the other side of the hedge into the next field with such a degree of altogether unfeminine brutality as seriously to injure his leg and thigh. Being a man well advanced in years, he suffered so severely from the shock that he had to take to his bed, and on two weeks passing without his being sufficiently recovered to resume his duties, the Khedive, who dislikes him and is afraid of him, took advantage of Lord Cromer's absence in England to deprive him of his portfolio, whereupon the entire Antiochian Cabinet resigned, and a political crisis ensued, which was brought to a close only by the arrival of Lord Cromer, who had been hastily summoned back to Egypt to settle matters.

Mr. Gladstone, too, was in office as Prime Minister of the British Empire at the time when he was attacked by an angry cow in the vicinity of his castle at Hawarden. His hand was slightly injured in his efforts to escape—efforts which were fortunately successful, since it is frightful to contemplate the possibilities of so magnificent a career as that of the Grand Old Man being brought to a close, not even by an Irish bull, but by a mere commonplace English cow.

The reign of Napoleon III was almost brought to a premature termination some three years prior to the Franco-German war by yet another indigenous cow, and the monarch owed his escape from that occasion to the courage and presence of mind of his Spanish consort. The incident took place in the neighborhood of Biarritz, where the Emperor and Empress were walking in the gardens of the Hotel de Ville. As the royal figures beside the Prince Imperial in Carpeaux's famous statue of the latter. Nero began barking, doglike, at some cattle that were grazing in a field. A cow took exception to this, and, as the Emperor turned to the cause of the short legs of the Emperor, she proceeded to charge down upon the monarch with all that vim and vigor for which the cattle along the Spanish frontier are famed. In came the cow, and the Emperor, who was standing in the middle of the garden, stood his ground, when the Empress threw herself before him, and kept the animal at bay with a long bamboo cane, which she was in the habit of carrying for the purpose of driving her horses out of the garden. The Emperor, who was described by an eye-witness as having handled her cane with all the dexterity and rapidity of

movement of a forehead of her own native land, and the fact that she had been badly injured by wild cattle while out hunting near Seville that it was feared at one moment that he would be crippled for life, and by a strange coincidence the same lameness was also the cause of the peculiar gait to the late Comte de Chambord, and to which, by-the-by, was ascribed his reluctance to ascend the throne of France. The two cases are identical cause, namely, an encounter with a bull. The present King of Portugal, who, until he became so phenomenally stout, was an amateur hunter, has been bitten on the leg in the bull-ring, has often risked his skin, but also his life, in encounters with bulls, and has been nearly killed on a bull which he loaded to frenzy in his private Plaza de Toros at Madrid.

Finally, there is the Prince of Wales, who on the occasion of his last visit to Chillingham Castle, ran great risk of being killed by a grand old bull belonging to that famous herd of white cattle, the Frithlings, which are found throughout Northern England, but now are only to be found in the huge parks and forests of the aged Earl of Tankerville, whose son and heir, the Duke of Devonshire, is of the same fame, and well known in New-York, is married to a beautiful girl. These wild cattle are extremely ferocious, so much so that it is not safe for any one to cross their paths, and it is not safe for any one to be near them. Their numbers are kept down by the "stalks," and it may be safely averred that there is no sport in England that affords a greater degree of excitement and personal risk than the stalking of these animals. It is due principally to the fact that the animal sometimes requires several bullets before it finally drops in its tracks, and the Prince of Wales had been charged down upon him without in any way checking its onslaught, until it was laid low at his feet by the head keeper, who, fortunately, was armed with a long staff for emergency purposes. The Prince, who has shot tigers, lions, elephants in Ceylon and bears in Russia, invariably declares that he never experienced so close a shave as during that bull hunt at Chillingham.

EX-ATTACHE